

The Adams Sentinel.

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RESIST WITH CARE THE SPIRIT OF INNOVATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, HOWEVER SPECIOUS THE PRETEXT.—Washington.

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Chorus Poetry.

THOU ART NOT NEAR ME.

Vainly I listen as e'er I do at night,
Stilly doth gladden the ear in mine eye,
Thy footstep that cometh, now cometh in mine,
What sweetest echo to the loved sounds of mine
Thou art not near me,
Mine own one to cheer me,
And fondly my heart counts those moments over
Where art thou straying so distant and lone?
Vainly I listen as e'er I do at night,
Stilly doth gladden the ear in mine eye,
Thy footstep that cometh, now cometh in mine,
What sweetest echo to the loved sounds of mine
Thou art not near me,
Mine own one to cheer me,
And fondly my heart counts those moments over
Where art thou straying so distant and lone?

PARING TEARS.

Aye, were I not here, but yet the tears
Would fall from my eyes as I recall
The days of my youth, when I was a boy,
And the heart was full of joy,
The days of my youth, when I was a boy,
And the heart was full of joy,
The days of my youth, when I was a boy,
And the heart was full of joy,
The days of my youth, when I was a boy,
And the heart was full of joy,
The days of my youth, when I was a boy,
And the heart was full of joy,
The days of my youth, when I was a boy,
And the heart was full of joy,

Missellaneous.

Sweet Thoughts.

We often meet with selections of sub-
lime and beautiful thoughts from the
works of men of genius. But there are thoughts
suggested by the Bible infinitely more pre-
cious than the choicest creation of genius.
How sweet the thought that Jesus sym-
patizes with all our joys and sorrows—
The great demand of human nature is the
demand for sympathy. Men must have it,
or they cannot be happy, however ex-
tensive their possessions or high their rank—
But how little sympathy is to be found
among men! How precious the thought
that our Saviour sympathizes with every joy
and every sorrow. Christians, do you some-
times feel that you are alone, and that
there are none who care for you? You are
mistaken—You forget that Jesus is ever
by your side, that he approves every in-
nocent smile, and notices every falling tear,
and feels for you a love and sympathy that
no finite mind can measure.

How sweet the thought that God reigns!
The actions are perplexed and troubled,
the foundations of the earth are out of course,
the wisdom of the wise seems to be of no
avail, and the strong man is as a child; still
we can look upon the troubled scene with-
out fear, for God reigns. Amid all the
confusion and uproar, his counsel shall
stand; and he shall do all his pleasure—
Not only is he Governor of all nations, but
he governs and directs in all matters per-
taining to our individual interest. Not a hair
of our head falls to the ground without his
notice, and the resources of Omnipotence
are pledged to cause all things to work to-
gether for our good.

How sweet the thought that death is going
home! He who has been an exile in a
strange land, who has dwelt among people
of a strange tongue, rejoices at the sight of
a vessel which is to bear him to his native
shore, where he shall enter the paternal
maison and receive the welcome of loved
ones there. Death rightly viewed, is the
messenger who is to conduct us to our home
in heaven, where our brethren who have
gone before us are waiting to welcome us;
where Jesus, who has gone to prepare a
man'sion for us, is waiting to receive us—
How sweet the thought, in a few years more,
perhaps in a few days, I shall be safe in
heaven!

Sorely, with thoughts like these, for con-
stant themes of meditation, the Christian
may well obey the command of the Apostle,
"Rejoice ever more, and again I say re-
joice."—*Providence.*

Laying up Wealth for Our Children.

The injurious consequences do not seem to
flow from this practice, do not seem to
affect any very serious attention, else the
foolish practice would be less common than
it is. It is a mistake to estimate that more
than one half of those left rich by their pa-
rents have become ruined and dissipated
both in business and in moral character—
If the efforts of parents were directed more
to the right training of their children, and
to the formation of good habits and prin-
ciples in them, there would be fewer such
results. And even those who are not ruined,
are certainly assailed and afflicted by their
inheredence of sin. If such facts were
fully considered, there would be more wis-
dom and more happiness in the world.

Spanish Power.—Man is a woman
is free; the devil comes and blows.

A Tale of Love and Stratagem.

"The critter loves me! I know she
loves me!" said Jonathan Dobkins, as he
sat on the corn-field fence, meditating the
course of true love, that was running—as
Mr. Shakespeare said it did—rather roughly.
"If Suke Peabody has taken a shine to that
guy, long-shanked, stammerin', shy critter,
Gusset, just because he's a city feller,
she ain't the gal I took her for, that's certain.
No, it's the old folks, deru their ugly pic-
tures. Old Mrs. Peabody was ailsers a
dreadful highfalutin' critter, full of stuck-
up notions; and the old man's a regular soft-
head, driven by his wife just as our old
rooster is driven about by our cantankerous
five-toed Dorken hen. But if I don't spile
his fun, my name ain't Jonathan. I'm
going to the city by railroad next week,
and when I come back I'll wake snakes—
that's all."

The above soliloquy may serve to give
the reader some idea of the land in the
pleasant rustic village where the speaker
resided.

Mr. Jonathan Dobkins was a young
farmer well to do in the world, and looking
out for a wife, and had been paying his ad-
dress to Miss Susan Peabody. One Mr.
Cornelius Gusset, who kept a dry goods
shop on Hanover street, Boston, suddenly
made his appearance in the field and began
the cutting out game.

Buzzed with the prospect of becoming
a merchant's wife, and pestered with the
importance of her a-pining mamma, the
village beauty began to waver, when her
old lover determined on a last and bold
stroke to foil his rival. He went to the
city and returned; of his business he
said nothing—not even to a pumping old
maiden aunt, who kept house for him. He
went out near the Peabody's, but labored in
his own field awaiting the result of his
machinations.

The next day, Mr. Gusset was seated with
the old folks at their daughter, in the best
room of Peabody's mansion, chatting as
pleasantly as possible, when the door opened,
and in rushed a very dirty Irishwoman.
"Is it there yet, Mr. Cornelius Gusset?"
Come out of that before I fetch ye, ye spal-
peen! Is that what ye promised me be-
fore the parson, ye badman, ye nagur?—
flouncing away from me and the childer—
forsaken yer lawful wedded wife, and run-
nin' after the Yankee girls, ye moider!"

"Woman, there must be some mistake
here," stammered Gusset, taken all aback
by this charge.

"Divil a bit of a mistake, ye spalpeen!"
Oh, wirra, wirra, was it for the lack of ye
I sacked little Dennis McDuffy, who loved
the very ground I tread on, and all be-
cause ye promised to make a lady of me, ye black-
dirty thafe of the world! Will ye come on
to the railroad station, where I left little
Patrick, because he was too sick with the
small-pox to come any further, or will ye
wait till I drag ye!"

"Go, go along, ye go, and I'll follow you,"
gasped Gusset. He thought the best to tem-
porize.

"I'll give you ten minutes," said the
village, "if ye ain't there, it's me cousin
Thaddeus Magruddy will be after ye, ye
thafe!"

And away went the unbidden guest.
Mr. Gusset was then engaged in stammer-
ing out a denial of all knowledge of the
village, when the parlor door again opened,
and a little black-eyed, bacheloret-faced woman,
in a flashy silk gown, and a cap of many
ribbons perched on the top of her head,
invaded the sanctity of the parlor.

Then she added with a groan,
"Ah, now, then, are ye here! Traitor,
monster! Vat for you runs away from me?
Dis two, three years, I never see you—
nervous, and my heart broke very bad en-
tirely."

"Who are you?" cried Gusset, his eyes
starting out of his head, and shivering from
head to foot.

before his Sunday-go-to-meeting gig. He
reigned up and thus accosted her:
"Hello, Suke; get in and take a little
ride."

"Don't keer of I do, Jonathan," replied
the young lady, accepting the proffered seat.
"I say, you," said Jonathan, grinning.
"That ere city feller's turned out poorly, ain't
he?"

"It's dreadful, if it's true," replied Susan.
"You had a narrow escape, didn't ye?"
pursued her lover. "But he wasn't any
account, no how. What do the old folks
think of it?"

"They hain't said a word since he cleared
out," said Jonathan, blushing.
"Forgot the night I carried you home
from singing school?" asked Jonathan, sud-
denly branching off.

"No, I hain't," replied the lady, blush-
ing and smiling at the same time.
"Remember them apples I giv ye?"
"Oh, yes," said Jonathan.
"Well they was good, wasn't they?"
"Fust-rate, Jonathan."

"Got a hull orchard full of such kind of
fruit," said Jonathan, suggestively.
Susan was silent.
"Glow!" exclaimed Jonathan, putting
the brand to his black horse.

"Have you any idea where we're going
to, Suke?"
"No, no; you are going along with me."
"Where to?"
"Providence; and you don't come back
till you see Mrs. Dobkins, no how you can
fix it."

"How you talk, Jonathan!"
"It's a fact."
"But, then, the old folks—" commenced
Susan.

"Durn the old folks," said Jonathan, put-
ting on the string again; "ef I was to leave
you with them much longer, they would
be a tradin' you off to some city feller who
has half a dozen wives already."

The next day, Mr. and Mrs. Dobkins
were returning home, said Jonathan con-
fidentially.

"May as well tell you, Suke—for I have
n't any secrets from you now—for that Gus-
set never saw them women afore they at-
tacked your house, and blowed him up, as
I had thought. Cost me the dollars—thun-
der! I told them what to say, and I ex-
pect they done it well. Gusset may be a
shop keeper, but he expects to get ahead
of I Jonathan Dobkins he must get up a
guy sight earlier in the morning."

The following rich scene recently
occurred in one of our courts of justice, be-
tween the judge and a Dutch witness all
the way from Rotterdam.

How do You Spend Your Evenings?
Young man, how do you spend your even-
ings? Answer this question, and we can
tell almost to a certainty what will be your
future character. In our view more de-
pends upon the manner in which young
men pass this season, as it regards their
course and conduct in years to come, than
upon any thing else. We have been an ob-
server of men and things for the last twenty
years, and can point to many a youth, who
has caused weeping and sorrow, disgraced
his name, is now an outcast in the world, or
has sunk to a dishonored grave, who com-
menced his career of vice, when he broke
away from wholesome restraint and spent
his evenings in the company of the aban-
doned. On the contrary, we know many
estimable young men—the pride and hope
of their friends—who are working their way
to favor and wealth, who spend their leisure
evenings in some useful pursuits.

Young man, listen to us and take heed to
our words—not that we wish to deprive you
of a single pleasure, or rob you from any
innocent amusement. We entreat you to be
particular where and how you pass your even-
ing hours. If you lounge about the bar-
room, partaking of the vulgar conversation
that is introduced, and join in the ribald
songs, or stand at the corner of the streets,
using profane and indecent language, you
will soon habituate yourself to low black-
guardism and vile conversations, that no
young man who respects himself will be
found in your company.—*Philadelphia Post.*

What we owe to Decorum.
"I will do as I please," says many a head-
strong young man, "for whose business is
it, if I choose to take the consequences?"
Not so fast, good sir! If you know more
of human nature, you would be aware that
you cannot outrange even the small con-
ventions of life, which are known under
the common name of decorum, without in-
juring your reputation, estranging your
friends, and preventing strangers who might
be useful to you, from making your ac-
quaintance. But this is not all. You have
no right to disregard decorum, for the con-
sequences reach others than yourself.

Your example is always doing harm, when
it is not doing good. Your conduct affects
the standing of your family and associates
as well as yourself. Going through life
like treading a labyrinth of spring guns. If
you follow the beaten track, you are your
self safe. But if you diverge to the right
or left, your indiscretion is sure to injure
yourself, and may harm others also. A
wise man never outrages decorum, reck-
lessly violates proprieties, or thoughtlessly acts
regardless of the opinions of the world.

We read that Napoleon was a very
awkward dancer. On one occasion he
dined with a very beautiful countess, who
could not conceal her blushes at his ridi-
culous postures. On leading her to her seat,
he remarked: "the fact is, madam, my feet
are not so much in dancing myself as in
making others dance."

This reminds us of an anecdote of Daniel
Webster, who being present at a ball in
Washington, during the period of his in-
competency as Secretary of State, was asked
by an effeminate fop of a chap, who
thought a good deal of his dancing, "Don't
you dance, Mr. Webster? I never saw you
dancing."

"No," said Mr. Webster, as he
only could say and look at such things,
"I never had the capacity to learn how
to dance."

The Boston Post says, five women
will go spread out their clothes as to take
up the outside of an omnibus, thus occu-
pying the room designed for eight, and then
if another woman presents herself at the
door, they will all cry out, "You can't come
in here! there ain't no room!" but if a man
wants to get in, they can make room easily
enough, right down between them.

A Mock Marriage.—Serious
consequence. The Standard says that at
Clifton Springs, a short time since, a gay
party was assembled—among them Miss M.,
of Indiana, and Frank N., of Syracuse. In
the course of the evening, gaiety began to
flag, and some one proposed a marriage—
Up springs the gay young Miss M., and
expressed a willingness to be the bride.

She was followed by Frank N., who joy-
fully consented to be the groom. A young
gentleman present, who sometimes deals in
jokery, and is well known in Syracuse cir-
cles, performed the ceremony, and the mar-
riage was made the usual remark.

After the ceremony was over, the groom
gave his bride to understand that he consid-
ered it binding. She murmured, and in a
few minutes she was alone. The bride's
groom following her, and pressing his claim
at the house of his father. He was sent
about his business with some striking ex-
pressions of parental indignation from the lady's
father. Matters at present are *status quo*,
and the lovely damsel remains a "mock
bride."

The gentleman claims her as his
lawful wife, and another relative denies the claim.

What is Love?
Captain Digby Grand, in Bentley's Mis-
cellany, thus discourses: "Love has been
written up by enthusiasts and sneered down
by cynics, fill the very nature of that mys-
terious phase of the human mind has be-
come shrouded in contradictions and con-
fusion; inflated into folly on the one hand,
and exalted as madness on the other, the
noble, unselfish passion that, hand in hand
with honor, beckoned the knights of old along
the path of fame, is now sneered at as the
delusion of a silly girl. Such a one is in
love," is at once an excuse and a reason for
any set of folly, extravagance, or self-con-
ceit, of which the patient may be guilty—
"They are both very young; they will know
better in time," says middle-age, shrinking
back into the coat of mail that self has for
years been hardening for its defence, and
the kindest instinct of our worldly nature
is ridiculed as a fantasy, or denounced as
an absurdity. Surely this must be wrong;
the very essence of true affection for another
is a total abnegation and forgetfulness of
ourselves; and perhaps the noblest attitude
of man is that in which he casts from him
the idol to which his fellow creatures are
too prone to bow, and throws off his alle-
giance to the tyrant self, whose claims grow-
ing with our growth and strengthening with
our strength, become daily and hourly more
galling and more unrelenting. When two
people can live for years apart and never
forget, can undergo toil, privation, perhaps
cutting sarcasms and stern rebuke, each for
each other's sake—only the watches of the
night being back only the one image—
when a strain of music, a glimmer of sun-
shine, or a scene of beauty recalls the one
loved face, when they are prepared to con-
front the battle of life under every disad-
vantage, and take the inevitable journey,
weary and a-foot, so they may go hand-in-
hand; depend upon it there is something
more than human in the instinct which
prompts such self-sacrifice and self denial—
depend upon it, when we scout love from the
face of the earth, we are casting off the
one last link that connects us with the an-
gels in heaven, we are doing our best to
with the "flow-ers of Eden;" we can we
complain that it is the fruit of any but our
selves if we find, indeed, that the trail of
the serpent is over them all."

American in the Russian Service.—A
considerable number of Americans have gone
to St. Petersburg within the last few months.
Eight physicians from the U. States, after
having studied some time in Paris, have en-
tered the Russian service recently; six were
immediately sent south to Prince Gortchak-
off's command, while the other two were
placed in the military hospitals at St. Pe-
tersburg. Another company of three or
four are making preparations to start—
They have entered the service for one year,
a less term of service not being allowed.

The pay is 250 roubles annually; while,
although furnished with every thing, the
expenses required to keep up the position
are much beyond the salary allowed, and
only those who have an income beyond
their pay can support the position. This is
true of all officers of rank in the Russian
army.

General Nepouzhetski.—This personage
has been appointed to the command of
a division of the Russian army. Bringing
out such a name as this does not look much
like peace. The Turks may beat him, but
he will defy them to pronounce his name;
and if he beats them it will be truly said
that they will never be able "to tell who
hurt them."

Horace Greeley, it is well known, has
taken to farming. Last year, when in Mas-
sachusetts attending the poultry show, he
bought half a dozen pure Cochins (China
game), 50 a dozen, which produced him six
hundred dollars. An editor from Maine, how-
ever, failed still worse. He bought half a
dozen eggs of a "new variety," which the
dealer assured him would produce "very
rare birds." So they did, for they were
put under the very best hen, and in due
time came out—"what do you think?"

"I could not guess," said his friend,
"what were they?"
"Land turtles, and what was worse, as
soon as they were hatched, they sized
upon the old hen, and such a squalling
never was heard in any other hen's nest."

The following is said to be the verbatim
of the nation of spilling, a copy of the
superiority of a letter, which was dropped
into one of the Post Offices of our country
a few days since. Really we envy Jimmy
McCrone the "good time" he will have in
parusing it.

"The top of the morning to ye, Mi-thur
Postmaster—Here's a letter, please send
as though the devil was after it, to one Jim-
my McCrone, arna, jony Jimmy! Javin
old Ireland for the State of Virginia, to
dig their pike in Rockbridge. Falls of Bal-
cony. And here's for yer table—thay
cans hard money."

It is something to sit between two
pretty girls, one with black eyes, jet black
curls and rosy cheeks, the other with soft
blue eyes, sunny tangles, and red cheeks
and lips, and both laughing to you at once.
We know of nothing more trying to one,
unless it is to have both arms in the dough
and a flea up the leg of your trousers.

What a Gorman Labor Says.—The
editor of the "Gorman Labor" published in Lon-
don, Ky., is greatly incensed with the
proceedings of the Know-Nothing, and says
that some of the most wealthy Gorman citi-
zens of the United States have raised a
million of dollars, and intend increasing the
amount to several millions, to turn the en-
tire tide of Gorman colonization to Canada
or South America, and to induce all the
free Gorman Germans in the United States
to migrate to another country.

Not a Bad Rule.—I never go late to a
man's dinner," said Bolckow, "for I have
observed that when a company is waiting
for a man, they make use of the interval to
load him with abuse."

The Conditional Man.
There are some men who are never known
to give an unconditional assent to any propo-
sition, however self-evident.
We have in mind a person of this char-
acter, to whom, for the sake of convenience,
we shall give the name of White.
"A beautiful morning, Mr. White," we
remarked, on one occasion.

"Yes," said he doubtfully, "but I should
not wonder if it rained before night."
"Our piazza is a great improvement to
your house," we continued.

"Yes, sir, but it's a little too narrow—
If it was say, a foot wider, it would be just
the thing."
"In that case, you must like Mr. Smith's,
for, if I am not mistaken, his is precisely
that width."

"Very true, but then it's too high."
"How do you like our new minister?"
He is generally popular—a good preacher,
a good pastor, and good man."

"Why, yes, I admit all that, but didn't
you notice how askew his neck cloth was
last Sunday?"
"No, but admitting that to be the case,
it was no objection to him in his official
character."

"Why, no, but then we expect a
minister to pay as much attention to dress
as other folks."
"You have a fine field of potatoes yonder,
Mr. White."

"Yes, they look well enough above ground,
but there is no knowing but they may be
all rotten before they are gathered."

"The new railroad will be a great thing
for the town, and do very much to build it
up, don't you think so?"
"Well, I don't know but it may, but
then it will be very noisy, so that a body
can't have a quiet moment to himself."

"We must be content to submit to a lit-
tle inconvenience for the sake of obtaining
a great good. That is the true philoso-
phy of life."

"Perhaps it is, but then them railroads
are confounded noisy."
Almost despairing of obtaining a straight-
forward, unconditional answer to our
inquiries, we, as a last resort, pointed out a
boy who was passing by, and remarked:
"That boy has very dirty hands."

"Yes," said Mr. White, "yes, but—but
—but—but—" he was evidently seeking
some way in which to bring in an objection.
At length his face brightened up and he
continued—"but if they would be washed
they would be cleaner."

We left him to his reflections.—*Yonkers Blade.*

Why Epidemics Rage at Night.
It was in one night that four thousand
persons perished of the plague in London.
It was by night that the army of Sennache-
rib was destroyed. Both in England and
on the continent, a large proportion of chol-
era cases, in its several forms, have been
observed to have occurred between one and
two o'clock in the morning. The danger
of exposure to the night air has been a
theme of physicians from time immemorial;
but it is remarkable that they have never
yet called in the aid of chemistry to account
for the fact.

It is at night that the stratum of air
nearest the ground must always be the most
charged with the particles of animalized mat-
ter given out from the skin, and deleterious
gases, such as carbonic acid gas, the product
of respiration, and sulphuretted hydrogen,
the product of the sewers. In the day,
gases and various substances of all kinds
rise in the air by the rarefaction of the heat.
At night when this rarefaction leaves, they
fall by an increase of gravity, if imperfectly
mixed with the atmosphere, while the gases
evolved during the night, instead of ascend-
ing, remain nearly at the same level. It is
known that carbonic acid gas, at a low tem-
perature, partakes so nearly of the nature
of a fluid, that it may be poured out of one
vessel into another. It rises at the tempera-
ture at which it is exhaled from the lungs,
but its tendency is towards the floor, or the
bed of the sleeper, in cold and unventilated
rooms.

At Hamburg, the alarm of cholera at
night in some parts of the city, was so great
that many refused to go to bed, lest they
should be attacked unawares in their sleep.
Sitting up, they probably kept their stoves
or open fires burning for the sake of warmth,
and this warmth, giving the expansion to any de-
leterious gases present, which would best pro-
mote their diffusion in the atmosphere, the
means of safety were unconsciously assured.

At Sierra Leone, the natives have a practice
in the sickly season of keeping fires con-
stantly burning in their huts at night, as
signifying that the fires keep away evil spirits,
to which in their ignorance they attributed
fever and ague. Latterly, Europeans have
begun to adopt the same practice, and
those who have tried it assert that they
have now entire immunity from the tropical
fevers to which they were formerly sub-
jected.

In the epidemics of the middle ages,
fires used to be lighted in the streets for the
purification of the air, and in the plague of
London, in 1665, fires in the street were at
one time kept burning incessantly, till ex-
tinguished by a violent storm of rain. Lat-
terly, trains of gunpowder have been fired,
and cannon discharged for the same object,
but it is obvious that these measures, al-
though sound in principle, must necessari-
ly, though out of doors, be on too small a
scale, as measured against an ocean of at-
mospheric air, to produce any sensible ef-
fect. Within doors, however, the case is
different. It is quite possible to heat a
room sufficiently to produce a rarefaction
and consequent dilution of any malignant
gases it may contain, and it is of course the
air of the room, and that alone, at night,
which comes in contact with the lungs of
the person sleeping.—*Westminster Review.*

Effects of Hair on Grass.—The New York
Tribune says—A few years ago the pur-
chaser of hog-hair at Terre Haute, Ind., car-
ried it out upon the prairie and spread it on
the grass to dry. This was in the fall and
winter. After being washed with the rains,
it was raked up, leaving a portion sticking
in the grass. In the spring this was the
earliest green spot, and continued to be the
sweetest, as was proved by the cattle re-
cording to feed. By and by one of them
died, then another, and another, though ap-
parently fat and healthy. Then one was
Bristol merchant saw her out with the same
evidence as if she was merely one of his
correspondents, and when she was gone the
minutes was once more immersed in his
letters and ledgers. A day or two after he
had a communication from the lady, accept-
ing his offer, very considerably excusing
him from an elaborate compliment, and leaving
him to name the "most convenient day."

They were married.

Confess and Announce.—Person Brown,
in the last number of his Journal holds
the following language:
"So far as this town is concerned, we
have no cloth here yet, nor have we had
any, outside of such cases of fox as have
prevailed. We have never known that we
to be more healthy at this season of the
year than it is now in God's hand, there is a
sickness here. But we can't help it for
the cholera, and we can assign no reason
why it should not make its appearance here
and that quickly. If God sends cholera
among any people as a scourge, it ought to
have been here long since, and the druggists,
apothecaries, night-walkers, street light-
ing, and profane swearing of the place will
hobble for the vengeance of Heaven! And
we are not certain, if it takes the right
shod up its entrance in the place, we
can't say that we feel any great degree of
opposition to its arrival. We are a candid
man, and speak our honest sentiments."

Best satisfied with doing well, and
let others talk of us as they please. They
can do you no harm, although they may
think that you have done more for your
sake and your family than for the sake of
yourself, or for the sake of your neighbors.

Don't start a man's temper just above
his horse. If there is one place more ten-
der than another in our friend Corduroy's
nature, it is in his horse affection. He can
stand his wife to be mistreated, his chil-
dren scolded, but when you come to his
hug, it is quite another affair.

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Second-hand Cook-Stoves.
GEO. ARNOLD

Terrible Election Riot at St. Louis.

Several Persons Killed—Large Number Wounded—The Military Called Out.

It was briefly stated by telegraph, a few days ago, that a disgraceful election riot occurred in St. Louis on Monday week. We yesterday received the St. Louis Democrat, containing the appended particulars of the bloody affair.

It originated about 2 o'clock in the afternoon at the polls of the 5th ward, between a party who called themselves Americans and a number of Irish who had gathered around the engine house. The fight was a general one, which was followed by slight skirmishing all along Third street between Vine street and Franklin avenue, serving very much to increase the excitement and draw together a large crowd.

Wherever an Irishman was seen on the street he was pursued and most cruelly beaten. Finally pursuit of one was made down Morgan street, where the mob were met by a number of Irishmen, who gave battle by throwing stones and firing pistols, but the crowd of rioters increasing they gave way and retreated to their houses between Main and the Levee on Morgan. Here for a while, the mob was the scene of the wildest excitement. The Irish fired at many, perhaps as a hundred pistol shots into the crowd, who were breaking in the doors and windows of the houses by showers of stones from the street. At last the shooting was silenced, and the mob proceeded down to the levee, and along it to Locust street, assaulting every coffee house or restaurant supposed to contain foreigners with a continued storm of missiles.

After this the Irish made another stand on Second street, but were driven down past Cherry, the mob still continuing their assaults upon the houses and windows. They then proceeded up Morgan and Third streets, above Fourth, and assailed a number of houses completely riddling the doors and windows with stones and brickbats. During the evening a slight assault had been made on the office of the *Auxiliary* by Westons, but the party were dispersed without much injury. In the meantime the military and police were out in full force, scattering the excited combatants here and there, and doing much to the quieting of the riot. About ten o'clock at night, however, a company of the rioters, numbering perhaps 20, came marching down Third street from the scene of assault up on Morgan, with stones in hand, and shouting in the wildest manner, and upon arriving in front of the *Auxiliary* office, again commenced an assault upon the windows and doors of the house. At this juncture the military came charging upon the crowd again, and dispersed the mob. When we left the scene, quiet seemed to be in a very fair way of being restored; the military having complete possession of the street, and seeming determined to enforce order.

It is utterly impossible to estimate the number of persons wounded in the whole affair, or even to say how many have been killed. We saw at least twenty men lying bleeding and wounded so severely that they were perfectly insensible—their faces cut most horribly and skulls mashed, and some appearing perfectly dead; and then we have learned of three men certainly killed; and of five or six more who are thought to be dead at this time from wounds received.

It is a wonder to us, when we remember the number of shots fired and the exposed position of the mob, that there were not double the persons killed and wounded. A man by the name of Shannon was stabbed in the back of the neck, from which he very probably died last night. A hand from the steamer *Henry Chouteau* was killed instantly, and a man by the name of Joe or Frank Freeman was shot through the heart, and fell dead without uttering a word. He was standing near a number of people at the foot of Morgan street, on the levee, with his arms folded, watching the affray without at all participating, when he received the fatal shot from the window of a house on Battle Row.

We hear of one man being shot in the leg, another in the hand, one in the abdomen and another in the shoulder. We cannot pretend to give a correct statement either of the number killed and wounded, or the true origin and continuance of the mob. The immense excitement throughout the whole city prevented the procurement of any reliable account of the disturbance.

The St. Louis Intelligencer says the riot originated from an Irishman stabbing an American at the fifth ward polls. He was pursued for several squares and arrested, and to prevent a rescue by the mob, he was immediately conveyed to jail. During the riot Jackson Fowler and James Ryan, one a mate and the other a pilot, were shot, the former in the side and the latter in the arm. Ten arrests were made. Every Irish grocery on Morgan and Green streets, extending west from Broadway, was torn to pieces. Some fifty or sixty houses in all, mostly low groceries, were badly damaged and their contents entirely destroyed. The entire loss is estimated at \$50,000. For three hours the mob kept full sway, having set the police at defiance. Finally, at a late hour in the morning, eight military companies being under arms, the work of destruction was stayed.

Tornado in Ohio—Narrow Escape of a Railroad Train.—The storm of last evening was, a tornado upon the track of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh railroad, between Bedford and Macedonia. Trees were blown down and fences scattered as though they had been struck. The train, consisting of the city, J. Malone, conductor, while running, was overtaken, as a speed of twenty miles an hour, struck a tree a foot in diameter, which lay across the track. Fortunately the train was in the wind, and the locomotive cut it in two, and the train passed on with no other damage than the carrying away of the cowcatcher. The train from Pittsburg, in charge of H. T. Seymour, waited at Hudson until it was signalled on the track, and then ran on to Macedonia, where it stopped. In the opinion of three skilled mechanics, trees had been blown across the track, one of them being three feet in diameter. The farmers in the vicinity turned out with their rifles, and beating their axes with the will of good devils, soon cut away the fallen timber. The train transferred its passengers to the tracks for Pittsburg, and the damaged engine backed the Cleveland train into a siding at a gateway before arriving at Macedonia. *Cleveland Herald*, August 11.

From the San Francisco papers we clip the following items of intelligence:

Potatoes of the Crop of 1853.—In the last number of the *California Farmer*, the editor, describing a recent trip to San Jose Valley, says: "We venture to assert that the potatoes that will lay upon the ground and rot in the San Jose Valley the present year, will count in bushels by millions. We saw one pile that was the length of eighty rails of fence, (ninety-six feet) about thirty feet wide, and some two feet above the fence, seemingly enough to supply the State. These, with vast quantities all over the country, and other counties also, will be lost, unless some plan is devised for using them."

Great Fertility.—On the ranch of Mr. John J. Ward, about a mile from Maquima Hill, says the *Chronicle*, there are now strawberry and grape vines, bearing fruit, which were set out in the month of March last. This is a proof of the extraordinary fertility of our soil, and the complete adaptability of our climate to the production of the rarest and most delicious fruits.

Good Yield.—The Nevada Democrat states that one hundred acres of bald-headed wheat have been raised on Rush Creek, in Nevada county, this season, which yield thirty bushels to the acre.

Fine Wheat in Calaveras.—The *Chronicle* has examined specimens of a splendid crop of wheat raised in Mead's Valley, in that county. The average length of twelve ears was three and three quarter inches. Some of the heads measured as much as four and a quarter inches. The crop has yielded fifty bushels to the acre.

Murders and Outrages on the Isthmus.—The Philadelphia Bulletin has been shown a letter from a person who went out about time ago in the steamer *Albatross* to Aspinwall, and took the Golden Gate at Panama for San Francisco. It says that, after leaving Aspinwall, their party, comprising a number of passengers from the *Albatross*, camped one night on the road, and that night four of them were murdered. The next day on reaching Panama, and going on board the Golden Gate, they found that out of the whole number who had left Aspinwall to take passage on the Golden Gate, thirty were missing. No further particulars are given, but the writer speaks of the dangers and troubles of crossing the Isthmus as very great, and warns his friends not to think of going to California by that route.

"Not Back."—Gen. Sam Houston meeting the Hon. Reynolds Johnson the other day in the Capitol, the Senator and ex-Senator very naturally entered into conversation about public men; when speaking of Judge Douglas, the general said he had been "not back." "Not back?" said Mr. J. "What do you mean by that?" "Why," said Gen. H., "did you never hear that story?" "No," said Mr. J. "Well, there was a man in my neighborhood, when I was a boy, who made it a rule not to allow his boys to come to the table till they were 17 years old. He had a boy whom a neighbor, who was aware of the father's rule, happened to see one day sitting at a table; knowing, however, that the boy was more than 17, he asked how it happened that he was sitting at the table?" "Why," said the boy, "when I was 17, father let me come, but I was so hungry that I stood up and reached so far that a sad accident happened, whereupon my father immediately sent me back two years."—*Exchange*.

A Silent Man.—Capt. Stone, of the steamer *Canada*, now in this port, is probably the most silent man about. Sailors who have been with him many months say they never heard him speak. He writes his orders to his officers, and if they fail in carrying them out, he reprimands them in writing. Yet he has the reputation of being one of the most skillful and prudent captains of the Canadian line, and remarkable for his powers of personal endurance. When at sea he rarely leaves the deck, night or day, more than an hour at a time, and nothing escapes his notice. Still he does not speak, either to his officers or passengers. On a recent passage two ways, who were passengers in his ship, noticed this peculiarity, and at a dinner one day were quite eloquent upon the blessings of speech, and then, by way of contrast, expressed their deepest commiseration for dumbbells.

One of the ways was so overcome by his feelings that he deliberately took an onion from his pocket and applied it to his right eye, while he gazed at Capt. Stone with the left. "Poor, dear gentleman," he sobbed, as the tears followed the onion, I wonder if he is dead as well as dumb." This was too much for the passengers, who burst into a roar of laughter, in which Capt. Stone joined as heartily as the rest. When order was restored, he said, "Gentlemen and ladies, or ladies and gentlemen, I acknowledge that I appear to be a disadvantage by not speaking more than I do; but what would you have me to say? It is my constant care to see that you are properly attended to in every particular. What more can you desire?" After this there could be no more silence, and has not been known to speak since.—*Boston Atlas*.

A Suspended Young Woman.—At Ypsilanti, Michigan, a few days since, a young female created a great sensation by going in search of a transient lover who she alleged, had deceived her, and by attempting to shoot herself at his mother's residence. She was prevented from doing so, and upon explaining her reasons for the attempt, the mother of her lover gave his brother one hundred dollars and sent him with the girl to hunt him up and call him to account. They started off accordingly, but on the road the young woman's charms captivated the younger brother, who instead of searching further, proposed, was accepted, married her, and used the one hundred dollars to pay the expenses of a bridal trip to Europe, sending back word to his mother of the event.

The Cholera at Marseille, France.—A letter in the National Intelligencer, dated November, July 25, says: "The cholera increases, and is very fatal. There were 182 deaths yesterday, and the inhabitants continue to flee. Upwards of 100,000 have already abandoned the place. The poor classes are cramped in every direction, but as their little means become exhausted they either perish by exposure, or their relatives in the city, or in the country, are obliged to bury them. The city looks like a vast cemetery."—*Exchange*.

THE ADAMS SENTINEL.
GETTYSBURG:
Monday, August 21, 1854.

WHIG STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JAMES POLLOCK,
OF Northumberland county.

FOR CASAL COMMISSIONER,
GEORGE DARSE,
OF Allegheny county.

FOR JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT,
DANIEL M. SMYER,
OF Montgomery county.

WHIG COUNTY TICKET.

Assembly,
D. F. ROBINSON,
Sheriff,
DANIEL MINNIGH,
Prothonotary,
JOHN PICKING,
Register & Recorder,
JACOB FULWILER,
Clerk of the Courts,
J. J. BALDWIN,
Commissioner.

Auditor,
ABEL T. WRIGHT,
Director of the Poor,
JOHN HORNER,
Coroner.

Our Ticket.

The Whigs of Adams have agreed upon the men who are to be their candidates for office at the coming election. From the number of individuals who were prominently before them, it would naturally be supposed, that considerable interest would be excited, and that the candidates for nomination and their friends would feel deeply concerned for the result. This is the inevitable consequence of rivalry under the workings of our institutions—and it is one which will always exist. It is a very beautiful feature, however, as regards our Whig candidates generally, that when they present their claims to a Convention, and fail in securing a nomination, they like honorable men, at once bow to the decision, and go into the support of their more successful competitors. This is right and proper. And we are pleased to learn, that the Ticket formed on Monday will receive the cordial support of the party. We shall take occasion, shortly, to go more into detail as regards the nominees of the Whig Convention. In the mean time, we trust that every good Whig will put his shoulder to the wheel, push on the standard of his party, and preserve the integrity of the "Young Guard," suffering not one of those laurels which has won in many a battle-field, to be plucked from her brow. It is expected from every Whig, that he will do his duty at the coming election, regardless of every personal feeling.

Congress.

It will be seen from the proceedings of the Congressional Conference, that the choice has fallen upon D. F. Robinson, Esq., of Chambersburg. Mr. R. is a warm, active, untiring Whig, always in the front rank of the Whigs, and battling for their cause. He is a talented debater, and will "make his mark." His popularity in Franklin, we learn, is great, and he will leave his own county with a large majority.

The "Young Guard" will swell it to a size which will astonish Mr. Reilly, who, it is said, will be the candidate of the Democracy.

It is said that the Hon. JAMES COOPER is lying ill at his residence in Pottsville.

Professors REYNOLDS and EASTON, of Capital University, at Columbus, Ohio, (the former President of the University,) have resigned their situations. "We have not learned the cause."

Two or three more dreadful accidents occurred from champagne explosion last week. In one case death occurred in a short time.

The train of Central Railroad, south of North Middleton township, Cumberland county, was struck by lightning during the storm of Saturday week, and consumed, together with the entire crop of grain, &c.—Conrad Middelhoff, jr., and John Middelhoff were at the time engaged in threshing grain in the barn. Young Middelhoff instantly killed, and Mr. Middelhoff was much injured and prostrated by the shock, but revived in a short time—Mr. M. leaves a wife, and one or two children.

Godley's Lady's Book, for September, is already on our table. It has, as usual, a large number of embellishments, the principal of which is a steel engraving, "He's coming," and a colored plate of the fashions. Godey has always something new, and evidently labors to keep pace with every improvement.

The Democrats of York county have elected Jacob Sidle, V. C. S. Eckert, and Joseph Wilson, for Assembly; Samuel P. Forster, for Sheriff; H. H. G. Breyer, for Prothonotary; Henry N. H. for Register; Wm. Tash, for Recorder; and Joseph Sidle, for Clerk of the Courts.

Missouri Congressional Election.

The St. Louis Republican of Saturday says that the returns of the late Congressional election in that State leave no doubt of the election of six Whig candidates to Congress, viz:

1st district—Luther M. Kennett.
2d district—Gilchrist Lindley.
3d district—James J. Lindley.
4th district—Morse Oliver.
5th district—John G. Miller.
7th district—Samuel Caruthers.

In the remaining district (the sixth) the Whigs had no candidate. The contest was between John S. Phelps (Dem.) and Walden P. Johnson (Republican). Six Whig Representatives in Congress from the State of Missouri is really a substantial victory.

The Importance of Voting.
In announcing the result of the late election in North Carolina the *Payetteville Observer* states that the contest for the Legislature was exceedingly close. In Bladen county Mr. McDugald was beaten by 22 votes; in Sampson, Mr. Slocom by 7; in Forsythe, the Whig candidates by less than 20; in Washington and Martin, the Whig Senator by 23; in Craven, by 5; in Brunswick, by 25; in Chatham, by 2; in Pitt county, the Democracy is elected by three votes, another by one, and a Whig by four; and in many other counties the Whigs have lost by similar small majorities. A few notes in each of these counties would have changed the character of the General Assembly, and secured the election of two Whigs to the United States Senate. We trust that the unfortunate result will prove a profitable lesson to those Whigs who sometimes stay away from the polls.

The Lebanon County Whig Convention, on Monday, unanimously nominated John W. Killinger, Esq., for the Senate.

J. ELLIS HUNTER, of Carlisle, has received the Democratic nomination for Congress in that district.

This excellent periodical will commence its tenth year on the 17th of September. We cannot too highly recommend this work. The prospectus will be found in our advertising columns.

Love and Suicide.—On the 13th instant, at Carlisle Barracks, Pa., a soldier named Thomas Laforte, a German, belonging to the band of the second infantry, was discovered lying dead in a cornfield, in the immediate vicinity of the garrison. From letters found on his person, it was ascertained that he committed suicide from being disappointed in love. Here is an extract:

"Seeing a certain lady, and struck by her extraordinary beauty, I feel that she could make me happy—but alas, she does not love me."

"You will ask, perhaps, who the lady is? It is Miss E. R. who makes me melancholy and miserable, and who hurries me on to death. I do not blame her. I blame myself for it."

The Whigs of Lancaster county have settled Isaac E. Hiestor for Congress; Jacob G. Shuman, for Senator; and D. W. Witmer, Wm. W. Withers, Emlen Franklin, John F. Herr, and Wm. K. Medsaff, for Assembly.

Col. Sarapington, of the *Frederick Herald*, has retired from that situation, having disposed of his interest to Sheriff O'Neal. The firm will be O'Neal and Miller. John A. Lynch, Esq., is to be the Editor.

The Hon. Solomon U. Downs, late a Senator in Congress from the State of Louisiana, died at Orchard Springs, Kentucky, on Monday last. He had been in bad health for some time previously.

The venerable William Gwynon, of Baltimore, formerly for many years editor of the *Federal Gazette*, died in Harford county on Monday, in his 80th year. He was the oldest lawyer in Maryland, was one of the most kind-hearted and most esteemed of men, and will be always remembered with affection by a wide circle of friends.

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Effect of the Foreign News.—We noticed,

yesterday, two boys, sitting on a cellar-door, on the shady side of the street, smoking their cigars and discussing the latest "foreign intelligence." One of them held in his hand that indispensable article of republicanism, known as "the newspaper," from which he occasionally read a paragraph, as a proper subject for comment.

From what we heard of their conversation, we judge that they had in vain been looking for long and exciting details of bloody encounters between the opposing forces; for the reader, with a disappointed look, and in a peevish and distressed tone, remarked, in the language of the print before him, "there has been no fighting anywhere since the last advice." And an additional trouble seemed to be, there was no talking when they would be gratified with news of a sanguinary and tragical character.

These "Young American" sprouts had been arguing the matter with much spirit, but we presume they did not agree exactly in opinion, for one of them, in a classical manner, threatened to slap the other's mouth, which utterance at once aroused "the lion" in the youth to whom the language was addressed, whereupon fists were doubled, and two other boys (like England and France) came up in hot haste to see how affairs were progressing between the original belligerents. As usual, encouragement was given to fight. Then blows were exchanged; but before the victory was declared on either side, a sharp female voice was heard from an upper window of the house in front of which the battle had commenced, calling loudly, "Oh, you William! stop—that fighting directly!" and just at that moment the father of the other boy seized his warlike son by the collar, and hurried him away; not, however, pronouncing blessings on his head!

Before the day passed, the young ones were again in company, having come to terms of peace.

And so it often is with nations; they engage in hostilities from trivial causes, wasting much life and treasure, and, when exhausted with their harvest of glory and of shame, they agree to resume their "former friendly relations" by means of negotiations.

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A German woman passed through Dayton, Ohio, on the 1st, having with her six children, all boys, born at the same time. They were six months old, small but sprightly. It is supposed that this case is almost if not quite unprecedented. As many may have been born at once before, but most of all of them have generally been still-born or have died at birth.

Coming Prices.—The prices of last week the 1st week in New York have fallen nearly \$1 per hundred. Some sales, it is stated, have been made as low as \$7. A few weeks since \$11.50 was about the average.

The Corps in Jackson.—Among the many particulars going the rounds of the press during the state of the city, it is refreshing to have evidence that "all is not lost that is in danger." The *Detroit Tribune* says:

"Accounts from all parts of the State are such as to show that the panic and our exultation, in saying that the present harvest is one of the best ever known on the State. Wheat, in some localities, may not quite come up to the mark, but in others it will, while corn and oats never looked better."

Destroyive Effects of Lightning.—The barn of Mr. Tilghman A. Cobbs, of Bedford county, (Va.) was struck by lightning last Friday morning, by which two valuable slaves were killed, and their bodies, with the entire building, consumed. The larger part of Mr. Cobbs' present year's crop of oats and hay, as also two or three valuable horses, were likewise consumed.

New Summer Residence.—At the Summit House, on Mount Washington, N. H., during the month of July, the highest temperature attained by the thermometer was 70 degrees. The wind on the 21st, the 17th was the coldest day, the thermometer being then at 21 degrees.

Conferee Meeting.

A meeting of the Whig Conference of the 17th Congressional district, was held at Chambersburg on the 10th instant—credentials being from the following delegates:

Adams—Hon. S. R. Russell, Eden Norris, Franklin Gardner.

Frederick—J. M. Sharp, Capt. S. Walker, Abraham Barr.

Fulton—Dr. S. E. Duffield, J. B. Boggs, James C. Austin.

Gettysburg—T. A. Boyd, Wm. Hartly, Jacob H. Ballard.

Juniata—J. M. Sellers, John H. Mathers, Elias Gruver.

Hon. S. L. RUSSELL was called to the chair, and Dr. S. E. Duffield and Wm. Hartly appointed Secretaries.

Mr. Walker nominated E. F. Robinson, of Franklin.

Terrible Election Riot at St. Louis.

Several Persons Killed—Large Number Wounded—The Military Called Out.

It was briefly stated by telegraph, a few days ago, that a disgraceful election riot occurred in St. Louis on Monday week. Yesterday received the St. Louis Democrat, containing the annex particulars of the bloody affair:

It originated about 2 o'clock in the afternoon at the polls of the 5th ward, between a party who called themselves Americans and a number of Irish who had gathered around the engine house. The fight was a general one, which was followed by slight skirmishing all along Third street between Vine street and Franklin avenue, serving very much to increase the excitement and draw together a large crowd.

Wherever an Irishman was seen on the street he was pursued and most cruelly beaten. Finally pursuit of one was made down Morgan street, where the mob were met by a number of Irishmen, who gave battle by throwing stones and firing pistols, but the crowd of rioters increasing they gave way and retreated to their houses between Main and the Levee on Morgan. Here for a while, the mob was the scene of the wildest excitement. The Irish fired as many, perhaps, as a hundred pistol shots into the crowd, who were breaking in the doors and windows of the houses by showers of stones from the street. At last the shooting was silenced, and the mob proceeded down to the levee, and along it to Locust street, assailing every coffee house or tenement supposed to contain foreigners with a continued storm of missiles.

After this the Irish made another stand on Second street, but were driven down past Cherry, the mob still continuing their assault upon the houses and windows. They then proceeded up Morgan and Green streets, above Fourth, and assailed a number of houses, completely riddling the doors and windows with stones and bricks. During the evening a slight assault had been made on the office of the *Auzeiger* Des Westens, but the party were dispersed without much injury. In the meantime the military and police were out in full force, scattering the excited combatants here and there, and doing much to the quiet of the city. About ten o'clock at night, however, a company of the rioters, numbering perhaps 200, came marching down Third street from the scene of assault up on Morgan, with stones in hand, and shouting in the wildest manner, and upon arriving in front of the *Auzeiger* office, again commenced an assault upon the windows and doors of the house. At this juncture the military came charging upon the crowd again, and dispersed the mob. When we left the scene, quiet seemed to be in a very fair way of being restored, the military having complete possession of the street, and seeming determined to enforce order.

It is utterly impossible to estimate the number of persons wounded in the whole affair, or even to say how many have been killed. We saw at least twenty men lying bleeding and wounded so severely that they were perfectly insensible—their faces cut most horribly and skulls mashed, and some appearing perfectly dead; and then we have learned of three men certainly killed, and of five or six more who are thought to be dead at this time from wounds received.

It is a wonder to us, when we remember the number of shots fired and the exposed position of the mob, that there were not double the persons killed and wounded. A man by the name of Shannon was stabbed in the back of the neck, from which he very probably died last night. A hand from the steamer *Henry Chouteau* was killed instantly, and a man by the name of Joe or Frank Freeman was shot through the heart, and fell dead without uttering a word. He was standing near a lumber pile at the foot of Morgan street, on the levee, with his arms folded, watching the affray without at all participating, when he received the fatal shot from the window of a house on Battle Row.

We hear of one man being shot in the leg, another in the hand, one in the abdomen and another in the shoulder. We cannot pretend to give a correct statement either of the number killed and wounded, or the true origin and continuance of the mob. The immense excitement throughout the whole city prevented the procurement of any reliable account of the disturbance.

The St. Louis Intelligencer says the riot originated from an Irishman stabbing an American at the fifth ward polls. He was pursued for several squares and arrested, and to prevent a rescue by the mob, he was immediately conveyed to jail. During the riot Jackson Fowler and James Rusk, one a male and the other a female, were shot, the former in the side and the latter in the arm. Ten arrests were made. Every Irish grocery on Morgan and Green streets, extending west from Broadway, was run to pieces. Some fifty or sixty houses in all, mostly low groceries, were badly damaged and their contents entirely destroyed. The entire loss is estimated at \$100,000. For three hours the mob had full sway, driving the police at bay. Finally, at a late hour in the morning, eight military companies being under arms, the work of destruction was stopped.

Tornado in Ohio—Survival Escape of a Railroad Train.—The storm of last evening was a terrible one upon the track of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh railroad, between Bedford and Newburg. Trees were blown down and fences scattered as though they had been struck. The engine train out of the city, J. Maloney conductor, while running round a curve at a speed of twenty miles an hour, struck a tree four in diameter, which lay across the track. Fortunately the tree was of brittle wood, and the locomotive cut it in two, and the train passed on with no other damage than the carrying away of the conductor. The train from Pittsburgh, in charge of H. P. Symonds, was at Union when it was overtaken by the storm, and then ran to Newburg, where signals were set to stop. In the space of three miles seventeen trees had been blown across the track, and of them lying three feet in diameter. The engine to the vicinity turned out with light, and handing their axes with the aid of practical workmen, soon cut away the fallen timber. The up-train transferred its route to the main line at Pittsburgh, and the down engine lacked the Cleveland and Pittsburgh a running at a speed of twelve miles an hour at Cleveland, and at 11.

From the San Francisco papers we clip the following items of intelligence:

Potatoes of the Crop of 1853.—In the last number of the California Farmer, the editor, describing a recent trip to San Jose Valley, says: "We venture to assert that the potatoes that will lay upon the ground and rot in the San Jose Valley the present year, will count in bushels by millions. We saw one pile that was the length of eighty rods of fence, (ninety-six feet) about thirty feet wide, and some two feet above the fence, seemingly enough to supply the State. These, with vast quantities all over the county, and other counties also, will be lost, unless some plan is devised for using them."

Great Fertility.—On the ranch of Mr. John J. Ward, about a mile from Moque-lunne Hill, says the Chronicle, there are now strawberry and grape vines, bearing fruit, which were set out in the month of March last. This is a proof of the extraordinary fertility of our soil, and the complete adaptability of our climate to the production of the rarest and most delicious fruits.

Good Yield.—The Nevada Democrat states that one hundred acres of bald-headed wheat have been raised on Ruby Creek, in Nevada county, this season, which yield thirty bushels to the acre.

Five Wheat in Calaveras.—The Chronicle has examined specimens of a splendid crop of wheat raised in Mead's Valley, in that county. The average length of twelve ears was three and three quarter inches—Some of the heads measured as much as four and a quarter inches. The crop has yielded fifty bushels to the acre.

Murders and Outrages on the Isthmus.—The Philadelphia Bulletin has been shown a letter from a person who went out a short time ago in the steamer Illinois to Aspinwall, and took the Golden Gate at Panama, for San Francisco. It says that, after leaving Aspinwall, their party, comprising a number of passengers from the Illinois, embarked one night on the road, and that night four of them were murdered. The next day on reaching Panama, and going on board the Golden Gate, they found that out of the whole number who had left Aspinwall to take passage on the Golden Gate, forty were missing. No further particulars are given, but the writer speaks of the dangers and troubles of crossing the Isthmus as very great, and warns his friends not to think of going to California by that route.

"Sot Back."—Gen. Sam Houston meeting the Hon. Reverend Johnson the other day in the capitol, the Senator and ex-Senator very naturally entered into conversation about public men; when speaking of Judge Douglass, the general said he had been "sot back." "Sot back?" said Mr. J.; "what do you mean by that?" "Why," said Gen. H., "did you never hear that story?" "No." "Well, there was a man in my neighborhood, when I was a boy, who made it a rule not to allow his boys to come to the table till they were 17 years old. He had a boy whom a neighbor, who was aware of the father's rule, happened to see one day sitting at a side table; knowing, however, that the boy was more than 17, he asked him if it happened that he was still prevented from coming to the table? "Why," said he, "when I was 17, father let me come, but I was so hungry and in such a hurry to help myself that I stood up and reached so far that a sad accident happened, whereupon my father immediately sot me back two years."—*Eccluyne.*

A Silent Man.—Capt. Stone, of the steamer Canada, now in this port, is probably the most silent man afloat. Sailors who have been with him many months say they never heard him speak. He writes his orders to his officers, and if they fail in carrying them out, he reprimands them in writing. Yet he has the reputation of being one of the most skillful and prudent captains of the Canada line, and remarkable for his powers of personal endurance. When at sea he rarely leaves the deck, night or day, more than an hour at a time, and nothing escapes his notice. Still he does not speak, either to his officers or passengers. On a recent passage two ways, who were passengers in his ship, noticed this peculiarity, and at a dinner one day were quite eloquent upon the blessings of speech, and then, by way of contrast, expressed their deepest commiseration for dumbbells.

One of the ways was so overcome by his feelings that he deliberately took an onion from his pocket and applied it to his right eye, while he gazed at Capt. Stone with the light. "Poor, dear gentleman," he sobbed, as the tears followed the onion. I wonder if he is deaf as well as dumb." This was too much for the passengers, who burst into a roar of laughter, in which Capt. Stone joined as heartily as the rest. When order was restored, he said, "Gentlemen and ladies, or ladies and gentlemen, I acknowledge that I appear to be a disadvantage by not speaking more than I do; but what would you have me say? It is my constant care to see that you are properly attended to in every particular. What more can you desire?" After this effort he resumed silence, and has not been known to speak since.—*London Atlas.*

A Neglected Young Woman.—At Ypsilanti, Michigan, a few days since, a young female created a great sensation by going in search of a husband, and by the alleged, had deceived her, and by the alleged, about herself of her mother's residence. She was prevented from doing so, and upon explaining her reasons for the attempt, the mother of her bride gave her brother one hundred dollars and sent him with the girl to hunt him up and call him to account. They started off accordingly, but on the road the young woman's claims evaporated. The younger brother, who, instead of searching further, proposed, was accepted, married her, and used the one hundred dollars to pay the expenses of a bridal trip to Saratoga, sending back word to his mother of the event.

The Children of Marville, France.—A letter in the National Intelligencer, dated November 4, July 25, says: "The children are scarce, and is very fatal. There were 102 deaths yesterday, and the mortality continues to rise. Upwards of 100,000 have already abandoned the place. The poor class are cramped in every direction, as their little means become exhausted. They cannot remain in the city, and a great many have fled to the country, and only in cases the worst. The city looks dismal, and the streets are nearly deserted."



THE ADAMS SENTINEL.

GETTYSBURG:

Monday, August 21, 1854.

WHIG STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR.

JAMES POLLOCK,

OF Northumberland county.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER.

GEORGE DAVIS,

OF Allegheny county.

FOR JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT.

DANIEL M. SMYSER,

OF Montgomery county.

WHIG COUNTY TICKET.

Congress.

D. F. ROBISON.

Assembly.

JAMES L. NEELY.

Sheriff.

DANIEL MIXNIGIL.

Prothonotary.

JOHN PICKING.

Register & Recorder.

JACOB FULWELLER.

Clerk of the Courts.

J. J. BALDWIN.

Commissioner.

GEORGE MYERS.

Auditor.

ABEL T. WRIGHT.

Director of the Poor.

JOHN HOKNER.

Clerk.

DR. ROBERT HORNER.

Our Ticket.

The Whigs of Adams have agreed upon the men who are to be their candidates for office at the coming election. From the number of individuals who were prominently before them, it would naturally be supposed, that considerable interest would be excited, and that the candidates for nomination and their friends would feel deeply concerned for the result. This is the inevitable consequence of rivalry under the workings of our institutions. It is a very beautiful feature, however, as regards our Whig candidates generally, that when they present their claims to a Convention, and fail in securing a nomination, they, like honorable men, at once bow to the decision, and go into the support of their more successful competitors. This is right and proper. And we are pleased to learn, that the Ticket formed on Monday will receive the cordial support of the party. We shall take occasion, shortly, to go more into detail as regards the nominees of the Whig Convention. In the mean time, we trust that every good Whig will put his shoulder to the wheel, push on the standard of his party, and preserve the integrity of the "Young Guard," suffering not one of those laurels which she has won in many a battle-field, to be plucked from her brow. It is expected from every Whig, that he will do his duty at the coming election, regardless of every personal feeling.

It will be seen from the proceedings of the Congressional Conference, that the choice has fallen upon D. F. ROBISON, Esq., of Chambersburg. Mr. R. is a warm, active, untiring Whig, always in the front rank of the Whigs, and battling for their cause. He is a talented debater, and will "make his mark." His popularity in Franklin, we learn, is great, and he will leave his own county with a large majority. The "Young Guard" will swell it to a size which will astonish Mr. REILLY, who, it is said, will be the candidate of the Democracy.

It is said that the Hon. JAMES COVENE is lying ill at his residence in Pottsville.

Professors REYNOLDS and ESSICK, of Capital University, at Columbus, Ohio, (the former President of the University,) have resigned their situations. We have not learned the cause.

Two or three more dreadful accidents occurred from explosive explosions last week. In one case death occurred in a short time.

The farm of Conrad Mollweil, son of North Middleton township, Cumberland county, was struck by lightning during the storm of Sunday week, and consumed, together with the entire crop of grain, &c.—Conrad Mollweil, Jr., and John Mollweil were at the time engaged in the thing being in the barn. Young Mollweil was instantly killed, and Mr. Mollweil was much stunned and prostrated by the shock, but revived in a short time. Mr. M. leaves a wife, and one or two children.

Godley's Lady's Book, for September, is already on our table. It has, as usual, a large number of embellishments, the principal of which is a steel engraving, "He's coming," and a colored plate of the fashions. Godley has always something new, and evidently labors to keep pace with every improvement.

The Democrats of York county have with Jacob Sidle, V. C. S. Eckert, and Joseph Wilson, for Assembly; Samuel Fuchs, for Sheriff; Dr. H. G. Breyer, for Probate; Henry Noll, for Register; Wm. Tash, for Recorder; and Joseph Stark, for Clerk of the Court.

Missouri Congressional Election.

The St. Louis Republican of Saturday says that the returns of the late Congressional election in that State leave no doubt of the election of six Whig candidates to Congress, viz:

1st district—Luther M. Kennett.
2d district—John Porter.
3d district—James J. Lindley.
4th district—Mordcaai Oliver.
5th district—John G. Miller.
7th district—Samuel Caruthers.

In the remaining district (the sixth) the Whigs had no candidate. The contest was between John S. Phelps (Dem.) and Waldo P. Johnson, (Republican.) Six Whig Representatives in Congress from the State of Missouri is really a substantial victory.

The Importance of Voting.

In announcing the result of the late election in North Carolina the Fayetteville Observer states that the contest for the Legislature was exceedingly close. In Bladen county Mr. McDugold was beaten by 22 votes; in Sampson, Mr. Sloan by 7; in Forsythe, the Whig candidates by less than 20; in Washington and Martin, the Whig Senator by 23; in Craven, by 5; in Brunswick, by 25; in Chowan, by 2; in Pitt, one of the Democrats is elected by three votes, another by one; and a Whig by four; and in many other counties the Whigs have lost by similar small majorities. A few votes in each of these counties would have changed the character of the General Assembly, and secured the election of two Whigs to the United States Senate. We trust that the unfortunate result will prove a profitable lesson to those Whigs who sometimes stay away from the polls.

The Lebanon County Whig Convention, on Monday, unanimously nominated John W. Killinger, Esq., for the Senate.

J. ELLIS DONAHUE, of Carlisle, has received the Democratic nomination for Congress in that district.

The Scientific American.

This excellent periodical will commence its tenth year on the 17th of September. We cannot too highly recommend this work. The prospectus will be found in our advertising columns.

Love and Suicide.—On the 13th inst., at Carlisle Barracks, Pa., a soldier named Thomas Lafore, a German, belonging to the band of the second Infantry, was discovered lying dead in a cornfield, in the immediate vicinity of the garrison. From letters found on his person, it was ascertained that he committed suicide from being disappointed in love. Here is an extract:

"Seeing a certain lady, and struck by her extraordinary beauty, I feel that she could make me happy—but, alas, she does not love."

"You will ask, perhaps, who the lady is? It is Miss E. F., who makes me melancholy and miserable, and who buries me on to death. I do not blame her. I blame myself for it."

The Whigs of Lancaster county have settled Laue E. Hiestler for Congress; Jacob G. Shuman, for Senator; and D. W. Wimmer, Wm. W. Withers, Emlen Franklin, John F. Herr, and Wm. K. Mahaffey, for Assembly.

Col. Sappington, of the Frederick Herald, has retired from that situation, having disposed of his interest to Sheriff O'Neal. The firm will be O'Neal and Miller. John A. Lynch, Esq., is to be the Editor.

The Hon. Solomon U. Downs, late a Senator in Congress from the State of Louisiana, died at Orchard Springs, Kentucky, on Monday last. He had been in bad health for some time previously.

The venerable William Gwyn, of Baltimore, formerly for many years editor of the Federal Gazette, died in Harford county on Monday, in his 80th year. He was the oldest lawyer in Maryland, was one of the most kind-hearted and most esteemed of men, and will be always remembered with affection by a wide circle of friends.

Joint Election.—The vote for Governor, in 24 counties, falls up for Grimes, whigs, 2,898, and for Bates, dem., 1,685. Majority for Grimes 1,213. In the same county Gen. Pierce had 7 majority. The Legislature is doubtful, but claims as certain against the reelection of Senator Dodge. In the 21 district, it is thought that Hargrave, whigs, is elected to Congress. H. instead, dem., is elected in the 1st district.

Parliamentary for the Napoleon Bonaparte, of the rifle regiment, has forwarded to the Secretary of War from Paris the resignation of his commission in the army of the United States. Lieut. Bonaparte is an American by birth, and a grandson of Prince Jerome, youngest brother of the great Napoleon. He was educated at West Point Military Academy, where he graduated with credit in July, 1833. After serving with his regiment a year, he went, with his father, Jerome Bonaparte, Esq., of Baltimore, on a visit to France, where, report said, he was received with distinction by his kinsman the Emperor, and the consequence, as appears, has been the resignation of his commission in our army.

Early on Monday morning a destructive fire broke out in a heavy stable in Winchester, (Ky.) The flames spread rapidly, consuming a Methodist church, blacksmith shop, and coach and paint shop. Five horses belonging to R. A. Brown & Co.'s circus, and belonging to a circus, were lost, three of them valuable performing horses.

Effect of the Foreign News.—We noticed,

yesterday, two boys, sitting on a cellar-door, on the shady side of the street, smoking their cigars and discussing the latest "Foreign Intelligence." One of them held in his hand that indispensable article of republicanism, known as "the new-paper," from which he occasionally read a paragraph, as a proper subject for comment.

From what we heard of their conversation, we judge that they had in vain been looking for long and exciting details of bloody encounters between the opposing forces; for the reader, with a disappointed look, and in a peevish and distressed tone, remarked, in the language of the print before him, "there has been no fighting anywhere since the last advices." And an additional trouble seemed to be, there was no telling when they would be gratified with news of a sanguinary and tragical character.

These "Young American" sprouts had been arguing the matter with much spirit, but we presume they did not agree exactly in opinion, for one of them, in a classical manner, threatened to slap the other's mouth, which utterance at once aroused "the lion" in the youth to whom the language was addressed, whereupon fists were doubled; and two other boys (like England and France) came up in hot haste to see how affairs were progressing between the original belligerents. As usual, encouragement was given to fight. Then blows were exchanged; but before the victory was declared on either side, a sharp female voice was heard from an upper window of the house in front of which the battle had commenced, calling loudly, "Oh, you William! stop that fighting directly!" and just at that moment the father of the other boy seized his written son by the collar, and hurried him away; not, however, pronouncing blessings on his head!

Before the day passed, the young ones were again in company, having come to terms of peace.

And so it often is with nations; they engage in hostilities from trivial causes, wasting much life and treasure, and, when exhausted with their harvest of glory and of shame, they agree to resume their former friendly relations" by means of negotiations.

Pierce's Veto.—The N. Y. Courier, in referring to the President's veto of the River and Harbor Improvement Bill, remarks with just severity, that: "He can ask for ten millions of dollars for the purpose of embroiling the country with Spain; he can commit an act of open war without even the advice or consent of the body which was the only constitutional power to declare war; he can give his consent to the enormous appropriation for the purchase of barren acres, fit for nothing but to fight Indians on; but to give the nation's money for the encouragement and increased facility of the commerce of the nation is alike against his inclinations and his constitutional views."

The Navy Yard Foundry, at Washington, D. C., was destroyed by fire on Friday week. The mould in which they were casting a cylinder for the steamer Fulton exploded, setting fire to the roof. There were about 100 spectators present, all of whom, together with the workmen, escaped without harm.

Richard Penn Smith died in Philadelphia on the 12th inst. He is said to have been a man of very superior abilities. His father was a gentleman of fortune and cultivated tastes, and his grandfather, the Rev. Dr. Smith, of revolutionary memory, was the provost of the Pennsylvania University in its palmy days.

A German woman passed through Dayton, Ohio, on the 1st, having with her six children, all boys, born at the same time. They were six months old, small but sprightly. It is supposed that this case is almost if not quite unprecedented. As many may have been born at once before, but most or all of them have generally been still-born or have died at birth.

Coming Down.—The price of beef cattle the past week in New York have fallen nearly \$1 per hundred. Some sales, it is stated, have been made as low as \$7. A few weeks since \$11.50 was about the average.

The Crops in Michigan.—Among the many paragraphs giving the results of the progress of the state of the crops, it is refreshing to have evidence that "all is not lost that is in danger." The Detroit Tribune says:

"Recent reports from all parts of the State that would have given ground for gloomy and discouraging anticipations, in relation to the present harvest is one of the best ever known in the State. Wheat, in some localities, may not yet come up to the mark, but in others it will, while corn and oats never looked better."

Destructive Effects of Lightning.—The barn of Mr. Tipton A. Cobbs, of Bedford county, (Va.) was struck by lightning last Friday morning, by which two valuable slaves were killed, and their bodies, with the entire building, consumed. The larger part of Mr. C.'s present year's crops of oats and hay, as also two or three valuable horses, were likewise consumed.

New Summer Residence.—At the Summit House, on Mount Washington, N. H., during the month of July, the highest point attained by the thermometer was 79 degrees. It was on the 20th. The 15th was the coldest day, the thermometer falling then at 31 degrees.

Conference Meeting.

A meeting of the Whig Conference of the 17th Congressional district, was held at Chambersburg, on the 16th inst.—credentials being from the following delegates:

Adams—Hon. S. R. Russell, Edm. Norris, Franklin Gardner.
Franklin—J. M. Sharp, Capt. S. Walker, Abraham Barr.
Harris—Dr. S. E. Duffield, J. B. Boggs, J. C. Austin.
Harris—J. B. Boyd, Wm. Hartly, Jacob H. Harrold.
Juniata—M. Sellers, John H. Mathers, Elias Graver.

Hon. S. R. RUSSELL was called to the chair, and Dr. S. E. Duffield and Wm. Hartly appointed Secretaries.

Mr. Walker nominated E. F. Robinson, of Franklin.

Mr. Norris nominated D. A. Buchler, of Bedford.

Mr. Hartly nominated S. L. Russell, of Juniata.

The Conference proceeded to ballot, *vice* race, with the following result:

Robinson,	24	24	31	42
Buchler,	6	6	6	12
Russell,	3	3	3	3
Pumroy,	3	3	3	with'n

Mr. Robinson was then unanimously nominated, and Messrs. Boggs, Boyd, Mathers, Sharp and Norris appointed a committee to notify him thereof.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Hon. S. R. Russell, our present able and talented Representative, has won the confidence of the entire Whig Party of this Congressional District, by his faithful and untiring zeal in the discharge of his official duties.

Resolved, That the nomination of David F. Robinson receives the cordial and hearty endorsement of this conference, and that, as far as in us lies, we will use the most strenuous exertions to secure his triumphant election.

The Resolution adopted by the Conference in 1852, that each county in the district should have the candidate of the Whig party one Congressional term and no more, till every county in the district shall have had a candidate, was re-adopted as the sense of the present Conference.

Four Days Later from Europe.

It was, Aug. 19—19 P. M.—The steamer *America* arrived this evening, with Liverpool dates to the 6th inst.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

The news from the Danube continues generally favorable to the allies. Nothing decisive, however, has yet taken place.

On the morning of the 30th, it is stated, the Russians attacked the Turkish and French camp at Giverno and were totally defeated with a loss of 200 killed and a large number of prisoners. The Russians are retreating by forced marches. They had quitted Kateschli, and it was occupied by the Turks.

The evacuation of Wallachia was completed. A proclamation had been issued declaring that all soldiers who remained behind would be considered as deserters. The Russian troops were being concentrated on the Seventh.

From Asia, the reported defeat of the Turks by the Russians is confirmed. The Russians were besieging Kars.

The cholera had made its appearance among the British troops.

Breakfasts—All descriptions have considerably advanced. Flour has advanced 2s. per barrel during the week. Wheat 6d a 12d and Corn 2s. The quotations are—Western Censl 32s. 5d; Ohio 32s. a 31s.

The Supreme Court of New York has adopted a rule providing that a lawyer examining a witness shall stand up. This standing rule is a capital one for the saving of time and the protection of witnesses from the impertinencies of lawyers, who, loitering comfortably in a chair, care not how long they may detain a witness with impertinent and irrelevant questions.

On Thursday week a fire occurred at Pittsburg, which consumed about \$20,000 worth of property. St. Patrick's (Catholic) church, with its organ, was entirely destroyed. Loss \$5000; insurance \$4,800. Messrs. Lowry's planing mill and three houses, were also consumed. Loss \$15,400; no insurance. Three other frame houses were also consumed.

Bitten by a Snake.—On Friday night of last week, Mrs. Wickett, mother of the hotel keeper, four weeks before Westminster, Md., was bitten by a snake of the viper species. She was about to retire for the night, when she stepped out on the porch and trod upon the reptile. The bite, which was inflicted on the ankle, is a severe one, but it is thought will not prove fatal. On the next morning her foot and leg were much swollen.

Triumph of the New Something.—An election was held on the 11th inst. in the town of Watervliet, N. Y., for the purpose of electing a supervisor in the place of John Fisher, Esq., deceased, which resulted in the election of Gilbert J. Vanvorst, "New Something," by 341 majority over M. L. Taylor, "Known Nothing."

The Corn Crops in Virginia.—The Richmond Enquirer learns from persons from Western land survey, Virginia, that in many parts of that State the crop of grain is the entire grain crop has been nearly destroyed by the drought, so much so that many farmers are beginning to talk of buying corn for their own use, the coming year. Fields that have been for years, in a good season, thousands of bushels, will not yield this season hundred.

In Washington, Russell, Smythe, and Tazewell counties, but little corn will be made this season, in consequence of dry weather in that section of the State.

A Young Murderer.—In Pennsylvania, a little boy, aged ten years, has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment for the murder of his brother, aged four weeks. Unhappy that, reared at home, left at home to take care of the infant, he administered to it some chemical preparations which he had heard his father say were poisonous.

Falling a Bad Example.—Near Paris, France, five or six months ago, we once heard committed suicide by cutting his throat. A few days since, Sophia Holby, his widow, killed herself by taking arsenic.



WHIG COUNTY CONVENTION.

IN pursuance of the call of the Whig County Committee, the Delegates from the several Boroughs and Townships of Adams County assembled at the Court house in Gettysburg, on Monday, Aug. 14, 1851; and organized by calling JACOB GRIEST, Esq., of Latimore, to the Chair, and appointing FRANKLIN GARNER, of Huntington, and Joseph J. Kark, of Hamiltonburg, as Secretaries.

The following Delegates presented credentials, and took seats in Convention:

Gettysburg—James O. Reed, James A. Thompson, Chambersburg—David Strayer, Henry Myers, Germany—Isaac Stahl, Isaac S. Hill, Harrisburg—Franklin Fisher, Robert C. Livingston, H. C. Smith, John H

Do not **BLACKSMITHING** as usual.
T. WARREN.
Dec. 15.

JONNETS & PARASOLS.—I have now
in stock a large assortment of Jonnets
and parasols, latest styles, which I have just re-
ceived and will sell cheaper than can be had
anywhere in town. Call and see.
A. ARNOLD.